

# Hymns with Tunes

— to accompany —

Hymns and Prayers for the  
use of the Army and Navy

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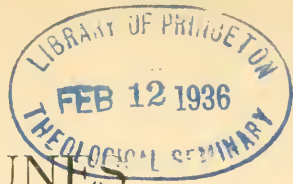






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✓  
HYMNS WITH TUNES

TO ACCOMPANY

HYMNS AND PRAYERS FOR THE USE  
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1917





## FOREWORD

THIS collection of tunes is intended to accompany HYMNS AND PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY AND NAVY, and can be secured from Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers of that book.

Tunes taken from the Hutchins' Hymnal are used by the permission of Dr. Hutchins.

BOSTON, July 20, 1917.



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*mf* ♩ = 92. *mf* A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;

*p* The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,

*cr* Help of the help - less, *p* O a - bid with me. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see;

*mf* O Thou who changeest not, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
*cr* What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?

*f* Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*f*  $\text{♩} = 90$ . All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
*f* Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
*cr* Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.  
*cr*

*mf* 2 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
 Whom David, Lord did call;  
 The God incarnate, Man divine!  
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*p* 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
*cr* Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
*f* And crown Him Lord of all!

*ff* 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 Before Him prostrate fall!  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

*mf* = 76. Bread of the world, in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed,  
*mf*  
*cr*  
 By Whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead; A-MEN.  
*cr*

*p* 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
*cr* And be Thy feast to us the token  
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

*f* = 92. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,

*mf* Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vie -

*cr* to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, *ff* An - cient of days! A - MEN.

*f* 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy word success;  
'Stablish Thy righteousness,  
Saviour and Friend!

*p* 3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
*cr* Thou, Who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

*f* 4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

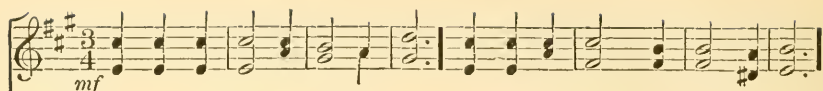


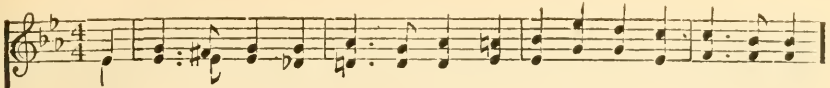
*mf*  $\text{♩} = 84$ . E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the  
*mf*  
rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its  
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: *p* O hear us when we  
*p* *cr*  
cry to Thee, *dim* For those in per - il on the sea. A - MEN.  
*dim*

*mf* 2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
*p* And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
*cr* Who walked'st on the foaming deep,  
*p* And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee  
*p* For those in peril on the sea!

*mf* 3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, (*p*) peace;  
*p* O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee  
*p* For those in peril on the sea!

*mf* 4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour:  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
*cr* Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
*f* Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.





1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In aux-ious si-lence o'er the sign;  
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,  
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.  
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.  
 And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.  
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life. *A-men.*



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Fling out the banner! let it float<br/>         Skyward and seaward, high and wide,<br/>         Our glory, only in the cross;<br/>         Our only hope, the Crucified!</p> | <p>6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,<br/>         Seaward and skyward, let it shine.<br/>         Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;<br/>         We conquer only in that sign.</p> |
|--|---|

*f* = 104. For all the Saints, who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by  
*f*  
 faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-su,  
 be for ev-er bless'd, *ff* Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. A-MEN.

*f* 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.  
*f* Alleluia.

*mf* 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
*f* Alleluia.

*mf* 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
*p* We feebly struggle, (*cr*) they in glory shine;  
*mf* Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
*f* Alleluia.

*mp* 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
*cr* Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
*f* And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
*f* Alleluia.

*f* Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true,

The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.

*mp* His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need,

*cr* He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!

Fear not the secret foe;

*p* Far more o'er thee are watching  
Than human eyes can know:

*cr* Trust only Christ, thy Captain;  
Cease not to watch and pray;  
Heed not the treacherous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

*mf* 3 Go forward, Christian soldier!

Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished  
And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee

To lay thine armour by,

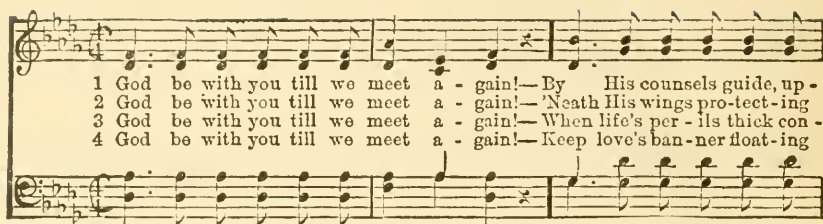
*cr* And wear in endless glory  
'The crown of victory.

*f* 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!

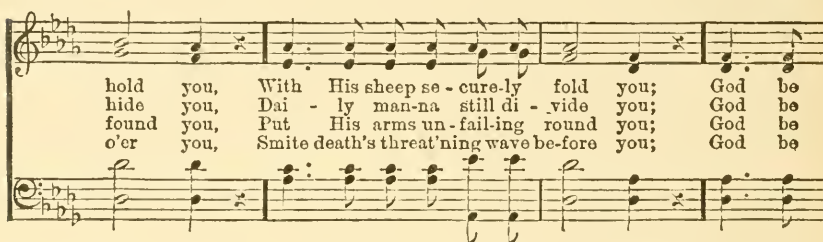
Fear not the gathering night:  
The Lord has been thy shelter;  
The Lord will be thy light.

*mf* When morn His face revealeth,  
*cr* Thy dangers all are past:

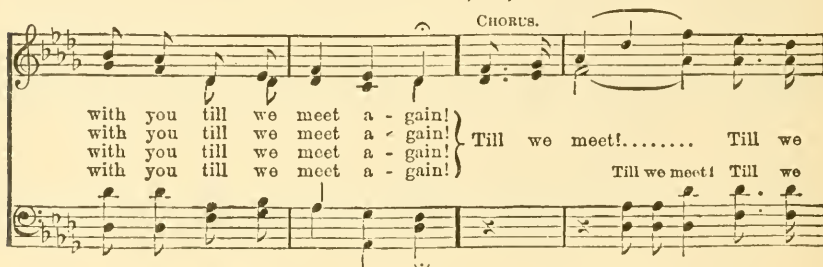
*p* O pray that faith and virtue  
May keep thee to the last!



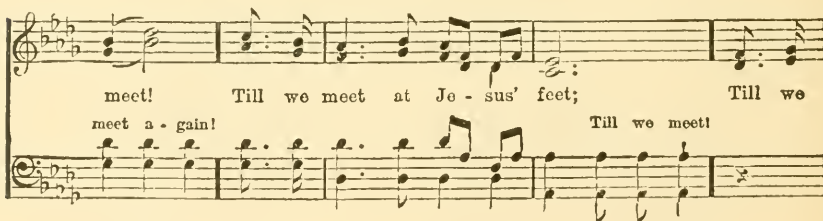
1 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up -  
 2 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tection  
 3 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - ills thick con -  
 4 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing



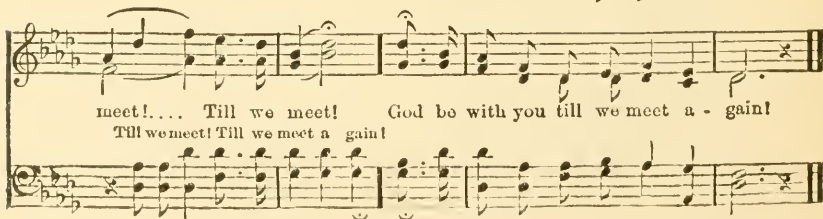
hold you, With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be  
 hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be  
 found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be



CHORUS.  
 with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet!..... Till we  
 with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet! Till we  
 with you till we meet a - gain! }

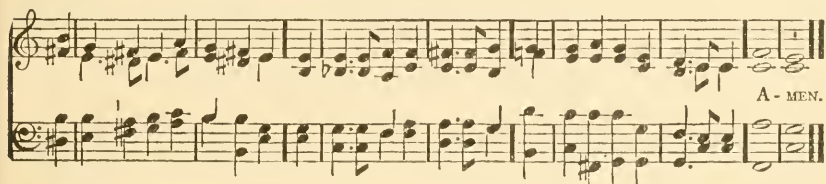


meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we  
 meet a - gain! Till we meet!



meet!... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
 Till we meet! Till we meet a gain!





God of our fathers, known of old,  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine —  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
 The captains and the kings depart:  
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,  
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard,  
 \* All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding, calls not thee to guard,  
 For frantic boast and foolish word —  
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

*mf*  
 ♩ = So. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heaven-ly comfort fraught!

*cr*  
 What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

*mf*  
 He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!

His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

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*p* 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest *mf* 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in  
 gloom, [ bloom, mine,  
*cr* Sometimes where Eden's bowers Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
*p* By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, Content, whatever lot I see,  
*cr* Still 't is His hand that leadeth me. Since 't is my God that leadeth me.  
*mf* He leadeth me, etc. He leadeth me, etc.



*p* Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! *cr* Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! *mf* mer - ci - ful and might - y!

*f* God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

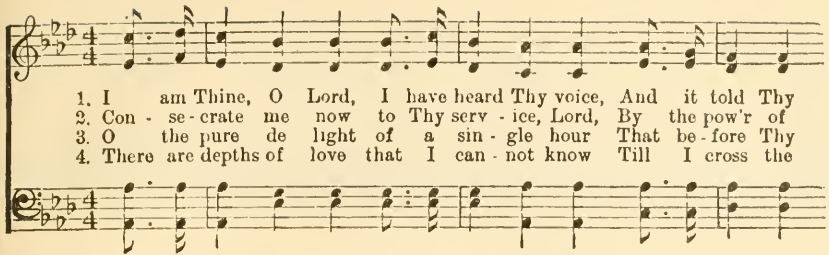
*p* 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*p* 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
*cr* Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

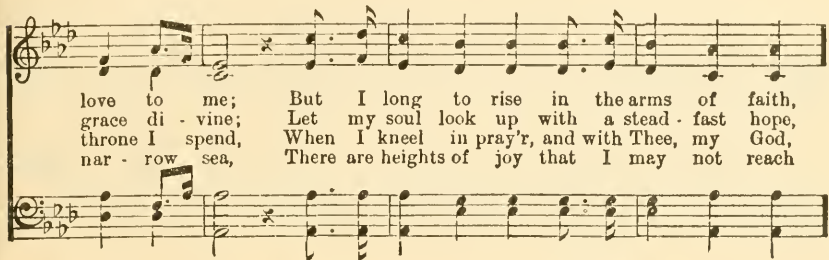
*p* 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!  
*ff* All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
*mf* Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
*f* God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

$\text{♩} = 100$ . How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His  
ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to  
Je-sus for ref-uge have fled, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

- mf* 2 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- p* 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
*cr* For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- mf* 4 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
*cr* I will not, I will not desert to His foes:  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,  
*ff* I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

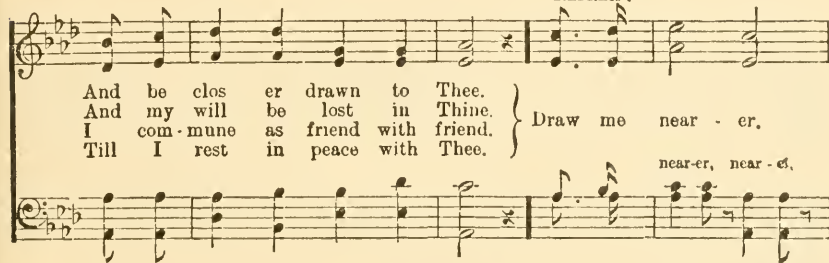


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. O the pure de light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



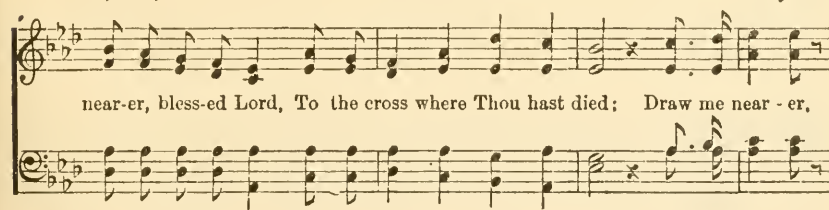
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,  
 nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach

## REFRAIN.

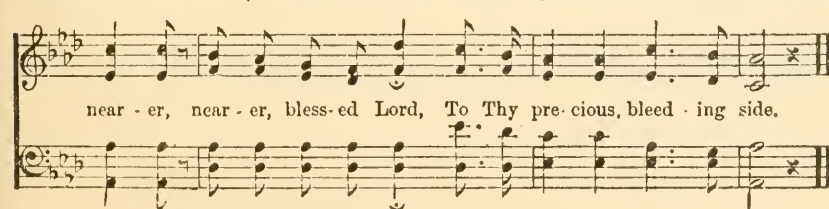


And be clos er drawn to Thee.  
 And my will be lost in Thine. } Draw me near - er.  
 I com - mune as friend with friend.  
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

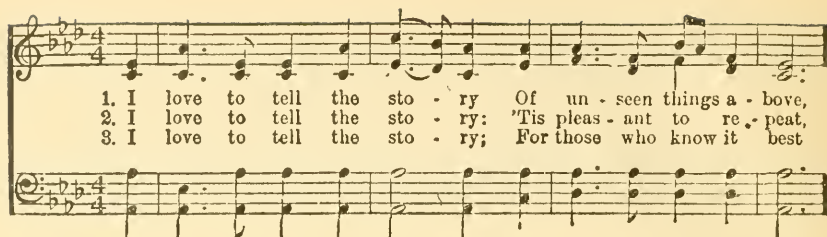
near-er, near-er,



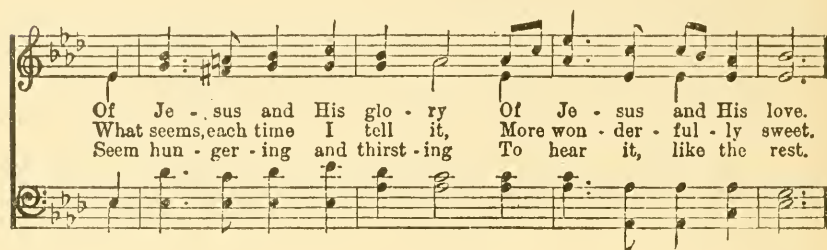
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er,



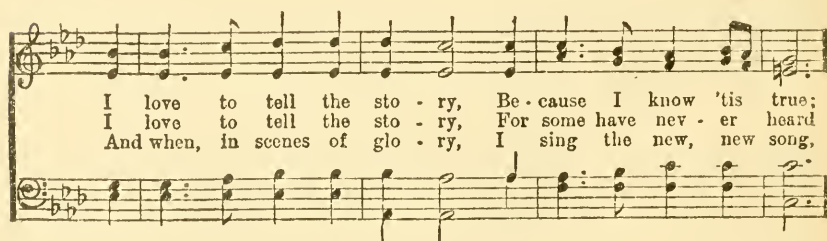
near - er, near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.



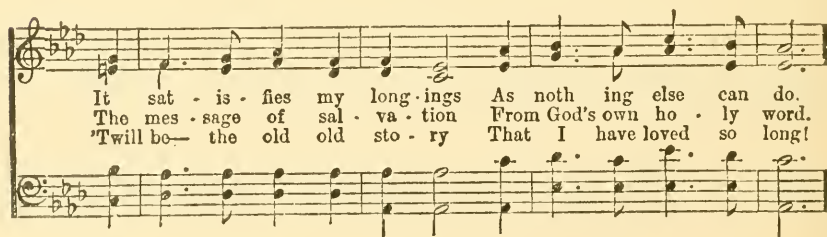
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat,  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love.  
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.  
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard  
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.  
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
 'Twill be the old old sto - ry That I have loved so long!

# 16 — Continued

## REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 100.$  *mf* I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;  
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

*cr* I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;  
*cr*

*f* O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-MEN.  
*f*

Copyright, words and music, 1872, by R. LOWMEYER.

*mf* 2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.  
*cr* I need Thee, etc.

*mf* 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.  
*cr* I need Thee, etc.

*mf* 4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.  
*cr* I need Thee, etc.

*mf* 5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
*cr* O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!  
*cr* I need Thee, etc.



*f* =100. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-MEN.

*p* 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the Cross forsake me:  
*cr* Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

*p* 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the Cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
*cr* Joys that through all time abide.

*mf* 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the Cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds new lustre to the day.

*f* 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

*mf* Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;  
*mf*

*p* Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
*p*

I know not, O I know not, *cr* What joys a - wait us there!  
*cr*

*f* What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - MEN.  
*f*

*f* 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
*cr* All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

*p* 3 There is the throne of David;  
*cr* And there, from care released,  
*ff* The song of them that triumph,

And they, who with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
*p* For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

*mf* 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!

*p* Jesu, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest!  
*cr* Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.



*p* 54. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

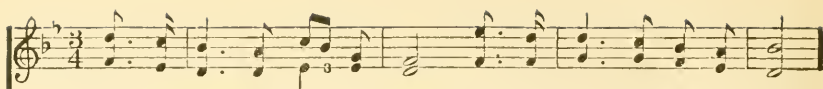
*cr* While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;

*mf* hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

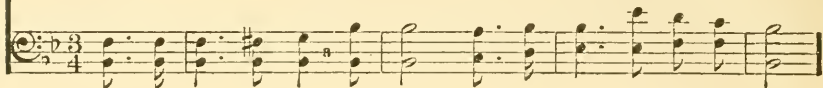
*dim* Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, *p* O re - ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

*mp* 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
*cr* All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
*p* Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

*mf* 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
*cr* Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
*f* Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boi - trous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

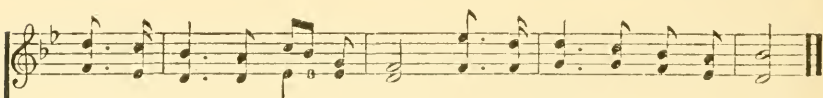
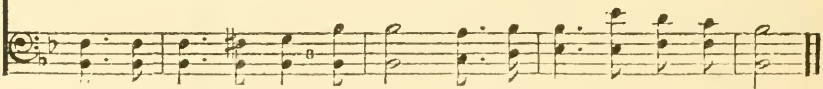


Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



*f* ♩ = 100. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

- f* 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made, *mf* 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
 And praises throng to crown His head; The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
 His Name like sweet perfume shall rise The weary find eternal rest,  
 With every morning sacrifice. And all the sons of want are blest.
- f* 3 People and realms of every tongue *f* 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song; Peculiar honours to our King;  
*mf* And infant voices shall proclaim Angels descend with songs again,  
 Their early blessings on His Name. And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*p* = 84. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.

*cr* And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, *p* O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
*cr* To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,

*p* 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
*cr* Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
*cr* Fightings and fears within, without,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 5 Just as I am: (*cr*) Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
*mf* Because Thy promise I believe,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come.

*p* 6 Just as I am, (*cr*) Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
*mf* Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 100$ . Lead, kind - ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on:

*mf*

*p* The night is dark, and I am far from home, *p* Lead Thou me on!

*p*

*cr* Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .

*cr*

*dim* The dis - tant scene; *p* one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

*dim* *p*

- mf* 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
*cr* I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years.
- mf* 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till  
The night is gone;  
*cr* And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

*mf* Love, di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

*p* Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

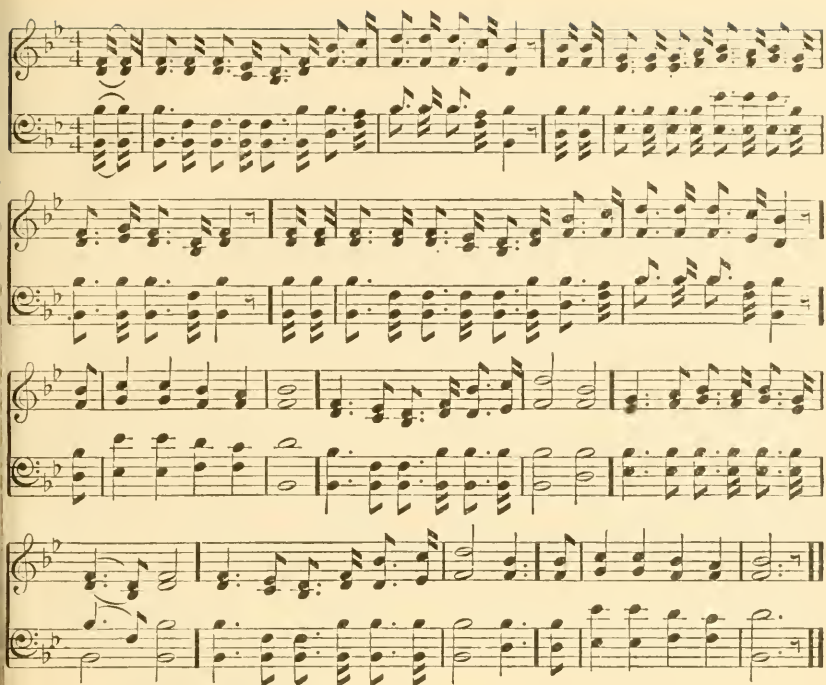
*cr* Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, *dim* En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

*mf* 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

*mf* 5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured in Thee:

*r* 4 Thee we would be alway blessing; *cr* 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above; Till in heaven we take our place;  
*f* Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing; Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Glory in Thy perfect love. Lost in wonder, love, and praise



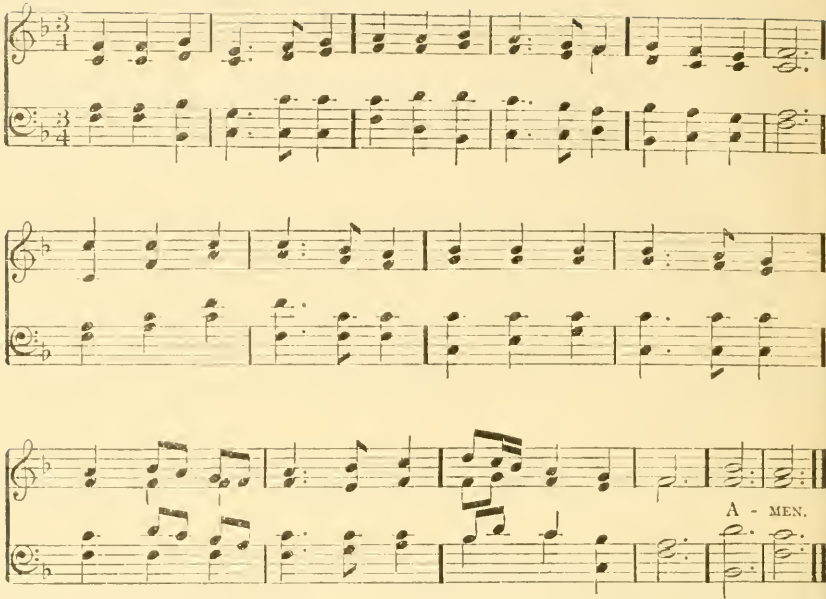


Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the Lord:  
He is trampling out the vintage where  
the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
of His terrible swift sword  
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet  
that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
before His judgment seat;  
O! be swift, my soul, to follow Him!  
be jubilant my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of  
a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the  
evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by  
the dim and flaring lamps.  
His day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that trans-  
figures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us  
die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.



My country 't is of thee,—  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing:  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —  
 Land of the noble free, —  
 Thy name I love:  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song!  
 Let mortal tongues awake;  
 Let all that breathe partake;  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty, —  
 To thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King.



*mf*  $\text{♩} = 80$ . My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
*mf*  
 Sav - iour di - vine! *p* Now hear me while I pray: Take all my  
*p*  
 guilt a - way; *cr* O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-MEN.  
*cr.*

*mf* 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire;  
*p* As Thou hast died for me,  
*cr* O may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 A living fire.

*p* 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
*cr* Be Thou my Guide;  
*mf* Bid darkness turn to day;

Wipe sorrow's tears away;  
*p* Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside!

*pp* 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll;  
*cr* Blest Saviour, then in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
*mf* O bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul!

*mf* *p*  
♩ = 45. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross

*cr*  
That rals - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

*dim*  
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

*p* 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
*cr* Nearer, my God, to Thee.  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*f* 5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* 84. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; . .  
*mf*  
 Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - MEN.  
 Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky;

*mf* 2 Jesus, give the weary  
 Calm and sweet repose;  
*p* With Thy tenderest blessing  
 May our eyelids close.

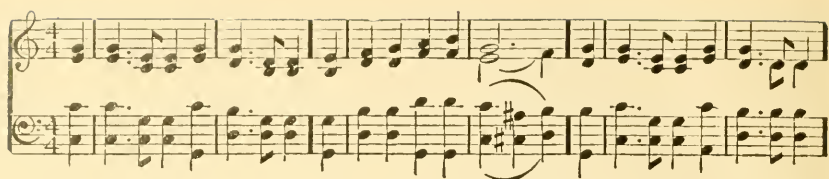
*cr* 3 Grant to little children  
 Visions bright of Thee;  
 Guard the sailors tossing  
 On the deep, blue sea.

*p* 4 Comfort every sufferer  
 Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil  
*cr* From their sins restrain.

*p* 5 Through the long night-watches,  
 May Thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
*cr* Watching round my bed.

*mf* 6 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
 In Thy holy eyes.



O beautiful for spacious skies,  
 For amber waves of grain,  
 For purple mountain majesties  
 Above the fruited plain!  
 America! America!  
 God shed his grace on thee,  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood  
 From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
 Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
 Across the wilderness!  
 America! America!  
 God mend thine every flaw,  
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
 Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale  
 Of liberating strife,  
 When valiantly for man's avail,  
 Men lavished precious life!  
 America! America!  
 May God thy gold refine,  
 Till all success be nobleness,  
 And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
 That sees beyond the years  
 Thine alabaster cities gleam  
 Undimmed by human tears!  
 America! America!  
 God shed his grace on thee,  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood  
 From sea to shining sea!

♩ = 112.

1. *f* O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. *f* God of God, Light of Light  
 3. *f* Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 4. *f* Yea, LORD, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;  
*p* Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - - gin's womb;  
 Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove:  
 JE - sus, to Thee be glo - - ry giv'n;

Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;  
*f* Ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;  
 Glo - ry to God, In the high - est;  
 WORD of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

*After each verse.*

*p* O come, let us a - dore Him, *cr* O come, let us a - dore Him, *f* O

come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST, the LORD. A - MEN.

*f* ♩ = 76. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

*f*

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home: A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

*mf* 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
*cr* From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

*p* 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone:

Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

*p* 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.

*f* 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

*mf* 88. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end:

*mf*

Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!

*cr* I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,

*cr*

*Unison* Nor wan - der from the path - way, *Harmony* If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 O let me feel Thee near me!  
 The world is ever near;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear;  
*p* My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within;  
*cr* But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

*p* 3 O let me hear Thee speaking  
 In accents clear and still,  
 Above the storms of passion,  
 The murmurs of self-will!  
*mf* O speak to re-assure me,  
 To hasten or control!  
*cr* O speak, and make me listen,  
 Thou Guardian of my soul!



*mp*  $\text{♩} = 82.$  O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:

*cr* Shame on us, Chris - tian bro - thers, His Name and sign who bear;

*p* O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! AMEN.

*p* 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred:  
*cr* O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
*p* O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate!

*p* 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "I died for you, My children.  
*cr* And will ye treat Me so?"  
*mf* O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door:  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore.

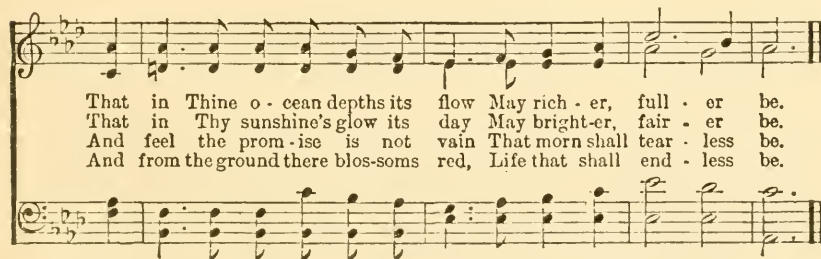




1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea -  
 2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick -  
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not close  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask



ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,  
 'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed ray,  
 my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,  
 to fly from Thee; I lay in dust, life's glo - ry dead,



That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.  
 That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.  
 And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.  
 And from the ground there blos - soms red, Life that shall end - less be.

1 Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we  
2 On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty  
3 Oh! thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand, Be-tween their loved-

hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
host in dread si-lence re-po-ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
homes and the war, des-o-ta-tion; Blest with vic-tory and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly  
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-  
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a

stream-ing? And the rock-ets red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave  
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full  
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled  
glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner, Oh,  
this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled ban-ner in

*poco ff* ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
*a tempo* long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!  
*poco rit.* tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

*f* 108. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

*mf* Go-ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;

*ff* Forward In-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers,

*ff* Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore! AMEN.

*f* 2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!  
*ff* Onward, etc.

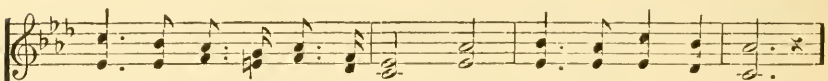
*f* 3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

*mf* 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
*f* But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

*f* 5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honour,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
*ff* Onward, etc.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,



While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



## CHORUS.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While on

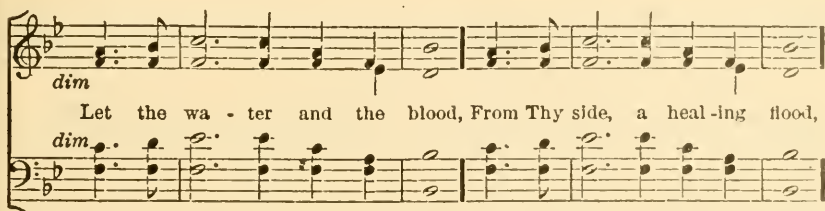


oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

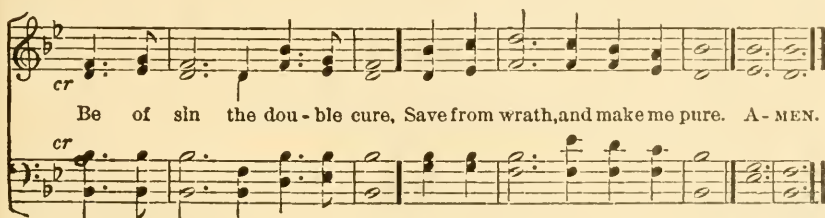




*mf*  
♩ = 90. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee;



*dim*  
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal-ing flood,



*cr*  
Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-MEN.

*p* 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
*cr* Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

*pp* 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death  
*cr* When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
*mf* Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
*p* Let me hide myself in Thee.

*f* Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.

2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power;

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or. AMEN.

*f* 3 Stand then in His great might, *p* 5 That having all things done,  
 With all His strength endued; And all your conflicts past,  
 And take, to arm you for the fight, *cr* Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,  
 The panoply of God. *f* And stand complete at last.

*mf* 4 From strength to strength go on, 6 To God, the Father, Son,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray: And Spirit, ever blest,  
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down, The One in Three, the Three in One.  
*cr* And win the well-fought day. Be endless praise addresses.



*mf* 104. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!  
*mf* Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:  
*f* From vie - t'ry un - to vie - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead;  
*f* Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-MEN.

*mf* 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 The trumpet call obey!  
*cr* Forth to the mighty conflict  
 In this His glorious day!  
*f* Ye that are men now serve Him  
 Against unnumbered foes!  
 Let courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

*mp* 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone!  
*p* The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own:

*p* Put on the Gospel armour,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 When duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there!

*mf* 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long:  
 This day, the noise of battle;  
 The next, the victor's song  
*p* To Him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of Glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

*mf* 92. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav- iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A- MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>p</i> 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep<br>My weary eyelids gently steep,<br>Be my last thought, how sweet to rest<br>For ever on my Saviour's breast. | <i>mf</i> Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;<br>Let him no more lie down in sin.  |
| <i>mf</i> 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,<br>For without Thee I cannot live;   | <i>mf</i> 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor<br>With blessings from Thy boundless<br>store;  |
| <i>dim</i> Abide with me when night is nigh,<br><i>p</i> For without Thee I dare not die.  | <i>p</i> Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.   |
| <i>p</i> 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine<br>Have spurned today the voice divine,   | <i>cr</i> 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,<br>Ere through the world our way we take,<br><i>f</i> Till in the ocean of Thy love<br>We lose ourselves in heaven above. |



*mf* ♩ = 96. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

*p* With His own blood He bought her, *pp* And for her life He died. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation,  
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

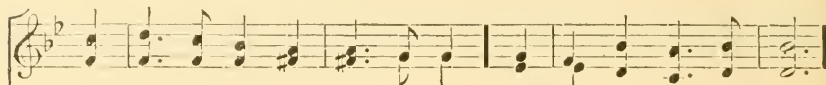
*p* 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
*cr* Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
*f* And the great Church victorious  
*p* Shall be the Church at rest.

*p* 3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore opprest,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest;  
*cr* Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
*mf* Their cry goes up "How long?"  
*cr* And soon the night of weeping  
*f* Shall be the morn of song.

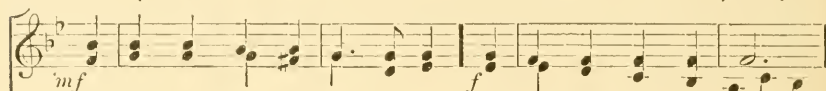
*mf* 5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
*cr* And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won  
*f* O happy ones and holy!  
*p* Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
*cr* On high may dwell with Thee.



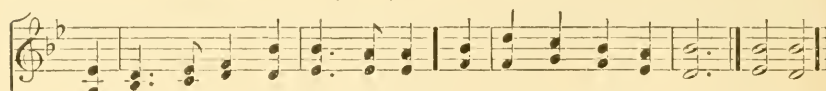
$\text{♩} = 94$ . The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train!



2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.



*f* 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

*mp* 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
*mf* He pray'd for them that did the wrong:  
*f* Who follows in his train?

*mf* 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
And mocked the cross and flame.

*mf* 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel.  
The lion's gory mane; [feel:  
*p* They bowed their necks the death to  
*er* Who follows in their train?

*f* 7 A noble army: men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice.  
In robes of light arrayed.

*mf* 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
*p* O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! *ff* Al - le - lu - ia! *ff* Al - le - lu - ia!

*Org.*

*mf* The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

*cr* The song of tri - umph has be - gun. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

*f* 2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:  
*ff* Let shout of holy joy outburst,  
Alleluia!

*f* 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head!  
Alleluia!

*f* 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!  
Alleluia!

*p* 5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
*f* That we may live and sing to Thee.  
*ff* Alleluia! AMEN.

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 60$ . *Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;*  
*mf* *dim*

But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy holy Na-tiv-i-ty.

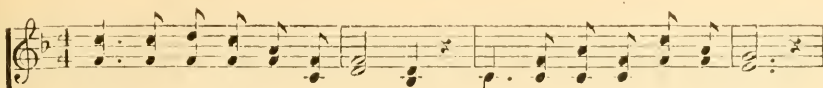
*cr* O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. AMEN.

*f* 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
 Proclaiming Thy royal decree;  
*dim* But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
 And in great humility.

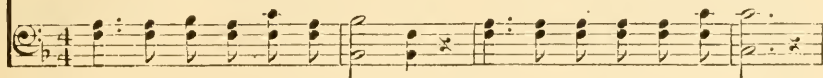
*cr* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

*mf* 3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,  
 That should set Thy people free;  
*dim* But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
*p* They bore Thee to Calvary.  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
 Thy Cross is my only plea.

*mf* 4 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing  
 At Thy coming to victory,  
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,  
 There is room at My side for Thee."  
*f* And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
 When Thou comest and callest for me.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - ber'd with a load of care?



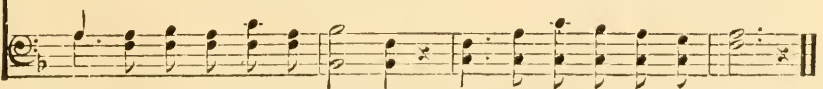
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



*mf* ♩ = 86. When I sur-vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

*mf*

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

*mf* 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

*p* 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

*cr* Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

*mf* 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a tribute far too small;  
*f* Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

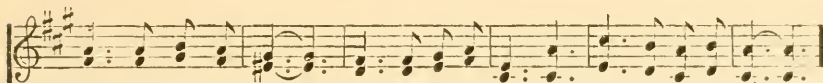




1. Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 • rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,



Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

